

HACKWOOD Park,

A

P O E M.

By Richard Michell,

---- in Adolescentia vero tanquam in herbis significant,
que virtutis maturitas & quantæ fruges industriæ sint
futuræ----

CICERO.

Printed for the Author. MDCCLXV.

(Price one Shilling and six Pence.)

2/6

*74-50

HACKWOOD PARK

A

P O E M.

By Richard Mitchell.

THE HISTORY OF THE

--- in Adulteration and its various forms
and various methods of detecting the same.

CICERO.

THE HISTORY OF THE

Printed for the Author. MDCCCLXV.

(Price one Shilling and Six Pence)

To His GRACE

HARRY PAWLET,

Duke of *Bolton*, Marquis of *Winchester*,
and Premier Marquis of *England*, Vice
Admiral of the White.

My LORD,

IT is needless to tell your Grace that the greatest Princes have taken Pleasure to patronize Men of Letters; those, out of Gratitude to their Benefactors, have transmitted their Names and great Exploits to Posterity, Monuments far more lasting than the Pyramids of *Egypt*, ancient and modern History afford us many Instances of it.

My Lord, you are descended from a long Race of Illustrious Ancestors, and endowed with a Soul as noble as your Birth; emboldened by these Considerations, I have not hesitated to dedicate to you, my
Lord,

Lord, a Poem, which is the first Essay of a young Poet, and humbly intreat your Grace to peruse it with an indulgent Eye.

Whatever Reception your Grace may be pleased to give this Work, it will be a great Satisfaction that it has procured me the Honour to assure you, my Lord, with the greatest Veneration and Respect,

Your GRACE's

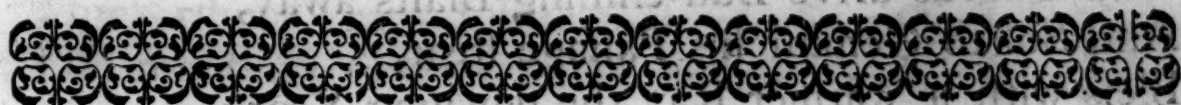
most obedient,

most humble,

and most devoted Servant,

RICHARD MICHELL.

Portsmouth,
December 1st. 1765.



HACKWOOD PARK,

A P O E M.

AS peeping Buds no radiant Hues display,
 Till glowing Suns shine with a soft'ring Ray,
 In Embryo thus young Poets Lustre lies,
 Till Blooming Wisdom manly Prime supplies,
 Foster'd by you, BOLTON! I may in Time
 Produce a Song of more Majestic Rhyme,
 My Lord, accept the Present, don't disdain
 The Poet's Labour in a rural Strain,
 Where Beauty glows in ev'ry fruitful Field,
 And changing Seasons sportive Pleasures yield;
 (No jumbled Seeds of Chaos here remain,
 No Elements confus'd contend again,
 No elegant Varieties deny'd
 Tho' diff'rent Things harmoniously descry'd :

B

When

When Frosts abate, and wintry Colds decay,
 And Taurus drive Bud-chilling Blasts away,
 And Sol to Gemini his Passage stear,
 Bless with a warmer Ray the dawning Year;
 Venus descends in fertilizing Rain,
 Impregns the Earth, and fosters teeming Grain,
 Her chearful Beams a genial Influence spread
 O'er verdant Fields, and paint th' enamell'd Mead,
 The Southern Gales a milder Season bring
 Then joyous Birds first make Essays to sing,
 And hail the Honours of the smiling Spring.)

Hackwood, thy Groves and sweet Retreats I praise,
 From lavish Nature I deduce my Lays,
Calliope, Queen of the Heav'nly Quire,
 Whose sweetest Numbers charm the striking Lyre,
 Who taught *Cecilia's* hallow'd Notes to sound,
 And *Dryden*, with immortal Laurels crown'd,
 On you I call, propitiously inspire
 My lab'ring Breast with your Celestial Fire;
 Teach me to sing where *Hackwood* strikes my Eyes,
 Where to my View a thousand Objects rise!
 Let them descriptive in my Verse appear,
 And let my Verse delight the Readers Ear!

Here

Here interwove in Lawns and gloomy Glades,
 Thick rising Trees diffuse their pleasing Shades,
 The mantling Groves an Woodland Scene display,
 The grassy Sord the pregnant Earth inlay,
 The grassy Sord the choicest Flow'rs adorn,
 The choicest Flowers that scent the rising Morn;
 The Primrose early shews his Silver Head,
 A fragrant Effence powd'ring Cowslips shed,
 The Lillies in the pleasant Valley grow,
 Whose balmy Bells the balmy Zephirs blow,
 The Sun-burn'd Vi'lets in the Eve renew
 Their purple Blush, and suck the Cordial Dew;
 Here rising Mounts a noble Prospect yield,
 The growing Product of the fruitful Field;
 Oppos'd to these, with Pleasure is survey'd,
 Ethereal Plains with Azure Hue inlaid,
 The Spring gay-blooming, vari'gates the Ground,
 And Waves of Glory seem to flow around,
 A gaudy Dress enriches all the Groves,
 Prolifick Nature sports her wanton Loves;
 The Hazle, Elm, and tow'ring Ash, appear
 In Liv'ries new, to glad the vernal Year;

The

The spreading Beeches Sattin Vests are seen
 With leafy Chaplets of a glossy Green,
 The tender Films their female Bodies bind,
 Their Robes flow loose, and wanton in the Wind,
 The Monarch Oak with verdant Garlands crown'd,
 His kingly Bulk the rugged Barks furround,
 Sublime in Air he rears his rev'rend Head,
 His brawny Arms and palmy Branches spread,
 As near the Heav'ns his awful Brows arise,
 So near to Hell his rooty Basis lies:
 When roaring Boreas rushes out amain,
 His stormy Force no other Trees sustain,
 Torn are their Limbs, and scatter'd o'er the Plain;
 The dreadful Blasts his rigid Strength defies,
 Unmov'd he stands, and bravely threatens the Skies.
 Thus a bold Gen'ral that disdains a Flight,
 The Battle stands with strong and Martial Might;
 When Foes innumerable him furround,
 He fights undaunted, and maintains his Ground.

Here Bucks and Does along the Valleys pass,
 Crop the green Leaves, or browse the springing Grass,
 Recline

Recline their filken Sides on mossy Beds,
 Or hide among the Boughs their branchy Heads.
 When redd'ning Sol the Western Sky descend,
 And Shadows to a greater Length extend,
 Then Hares and Rabbits from the Thickets go
 To gnaw the Herbs, and seem to fear no Foe,
 So done, they leap, they skip, they spurn, they bound,
 In am'rous Sport they strike the solid Ground.

ful If perchance a Dog approach their Sight,
 His frightful Barks precipitate their Flight,
 They to their Solitary Coverts hie,
 The frightful Barks th' ecchoing Woods reply,
 Along the Groves with rapid Speed they run,
 The Dog pursues, his slower Pace they shun.
 So shuns a Nymph her Lover's soothing Charms
 Indulging not, eludes his grasping Arms,
 The Lover pleads for Nuptial Rites, she flies,
 Contemns his Words, and leaves 'em to the Skies,
 So lost in Air, her loving Accent dies.

Arcadia's Forest Walks, and cooling Shades,
 Her mossy Founts, and intervening Glades,
 And flow'ry Greens, as Poets, whilom fam'd,
 Immortal sung, to all a Pref'rence claim'd ;

C

Where

+ Instead of her read his

Where oft *Diana*, at the early Dawn,
 With Bow and Quiver trac'd the pearly Lawn,
 Wounded the Deer with swift unerring Darts
 That carry'd Death, and pierc'd their bleeding Hearts.
 Muse! hear my Pray'r, and animate my Strain,
 Let not an humble Poet beg in vain;
 Inspire my Soul, facilitate my Lays,
 Assist my Labour, and exalt my Praise,
 Where Sylvan Scenes and Meadows painted Dye
 With all *Arcadia's* pompous Radiance vye.
 Here Sky-rob'd Beauties pleasant Walks invite,
 Spring's Symphonies attentive Ears delight,
 While fragrant Herbage, in abounding Vales,
 Imbibes the Dew, and wholesome Scents exhales;
 Here, from *Olympus*, Goddeses and Gods
 Remov'd their Seats, and chose more blest'd Abodes,
Apollo sweetly tunes his Lyric String,
 And choral Muses Songs celestial sing;
Pomona wreaths in parti-colour'd Fruits,
 Th' embroider'd Ground the blushing *Flora* suits;
 Nigh yonder Grove the fertile Fields appear
 With growing Corn, the Blessings of the Year;
 The

The Blades increase from warm repeating Show'rs,
 That green the Boughs, and wake the Golden Flow'rs.
 See *Pan*, the rural God, his Flocks attend,
 And sucking Lambs in wanton Play contend,
 While juicy Herbs their Milky Dams supply,
 Whose Dugs distended stop their bleating Cry ;
 Here rose-cheek'd Plenty fills her ample Horn,
 Her circling Veins the beauteous Scene adorn,
 Industry dances, laughing o'er the Plains,
 And *Ceres*, crown'd in genuine Beauty, reigns.

Now when *Aurora*, Harbinger of Day,
 At early Dawn diffuse a rosy Ray,
 Her Banner wave, dispel the gloomy Night,
 And bless the sprightly Morn with joyous Light ;
 With Wings triumphant, tuneful Larks apply
 To soar their Flight, and harmonize the Sky ;
 The Goldfinch shines in glossy-plum'd Array,
 His Throat discloses with a chearful Lay ;
 The Pheasants crow, and shew their gaudy Pride,
 (Their painted Plumes shake rustling on their Side,)
 Their radiant Heads and Golden nodding Crests,
 With Crimson Eyes, and purple feather'd Breasts,

Pois'd

Pois'd on their Wings they fan the buxom Air,
 And as they fly more glitt'ring Dyes appear;
 In shady Branches, which obscure the Sight,
 To cherish Love the cooing Doves delight;
 When the fine dewy mantled Eve conceal
 The Solar Light, and spread her sable Veil,
 Then Philomel with Notes mellifluous sings,
 Thro' sounding Groves her warbling Descant rings,
 A pleasant Gray inveils the dusky Fields,
 The Hemisphere Celestial Glories yields;
 With soaring Eyes Astronomers can trace
 The wheeling Planets in their airy Race,
 Survey all the resplendent Orbs that roll
 With dazzling Gleam, and blaze from Pole to Pole,
 And shooting Stars illumine the sable Night,
 Which seeming fall with sacred Trails of Light,
 With pleasing Raptures traverse o'er the Skies,
 And view the Lamps alternate set and rise;
 Or when the Clouds obscure th' Ethereal Blue,
 Then Iris rises in delightful Hue,
 She shines in Convex Heav'n a various Bow,
 A Signal to the Shepherd Swains below;
 Philosophers

Philosophers might precious Time employ,
 Make their diverted Souls exult with Joy.
 The Profligate corrupt their youthful Bloom
 In Luxury their Golden Years consume,
 Honour neglect, obtain'd by various Ways,
 Which shines immortal, with immortal Praise:
 Great *Fredrick* * has by bloody Battles won,
 The Victor's Pomp, and everlasting Crown.
 Ingenious *Raphael* had the noblest Part,
 He all transcended in the painting Art,
 He drew his Images with such a Grace,
 No Length of Time his Mem'ry will efface;
Homer and *Virgil* have a Poet's Name
 Immortaliz'd among the Realms of Fame:
 Illustrious *Dryden* merits noble Praise,
 Who first harmonious tun'd the *British* Lays,
 Chosen high Priest by all the Holy Nine,
 He sung so sweet, with Energy divine,
 That Angels might without a Blush rehearse
 Th' Almighty's Praise in his exalted Verse.

D

O

* King of Prussia.

O sacred Muse! vouchsafe me good Success,
 Whose sylvan Scenes my ravish'd Soul possess;
 Lead me! O lead me! thro' retreating Shades,
 Surrounding Groves, and dark embow'ring Glades,
 Where social Nymphs, a Love-united Train,
 In wanton Pleasure danc'd the flow'ry Plain;
 Beauteous *Cornelia* walk'd with stately Mein,
 The rest surpass'd, and justly call'd the Queen,
 Her sparkling Eyes the Ruby'tself outshone,
 Nay, e'en the Ruby on fair *Venus*' Zone;
 Her Cheeks excell'd the Sun-ripe Apples Red,
 And vy'd with gay *Aurora*'s blushing Head,
 Her fine turn'd Front with paler Radiance glow'd,
 Her Iv'ry Teeth were elegantly row'd,
 And from her Breath Ambrosial Odors flow'd.
 In curling Ringlets golden Braids confin'd
 Her jetty Locks, which graceful hung behind;
 The richest Linnen her soft Bosom veil'd,
 Which scarce her Alabaster Skin conceal'd.
 As when the Sun thro' fleecy Clouds displays
 His gleamy Face, with pale reflecting Rays,
 With such Reflexion her soft Bosom shone
 Superior to the Parian polish'd Stone;

A Tissue Robe she wore, with Flow'rs inwrought
 So curiously, excells Poetic Thought ;
 A Lilly Sash her tender Body bound,
 A Garland green her Head Majestic crown'd ;
 Virtue distinguish'd her Celestial Race,
 And added Lustre to her beauteous Face.
 As often her the Sylvan Gods address'd,
 So often she the Sylvan Gods repress'd ;
 Their Love and Praise, and wanton Lusts disdain'd,
Diana's Life Virginity maintain'd ;
 She chose in solitary Ways to rove,
 Chace the wild Deer, and hunt the Woodland Grove,
 A loaded Quiver on her Back she bore,
 That held, of deadly Shafts, an ample Store,
 A golden Bow her dexter Hand embrac'd ;
 A ready Arrow her Sinister grac'd.
 The ruddy mantled Morn arose full bright,
 And gloried dawning Day with chearful Light,
 Her sacred Tresses drop'd ambrosial Dew,
 And painted Eastern Skies with saffron Hue ;
 The Stars, with speedy Flight began to run,
 Th' Horizon laugh'd to see the rising Sun,

The

The Tops of Trees with borrow'd Scarlet shone,
 And Branches wav'd, by whisp'ring Breezes blown.
 The buskin'd Huntress left the Virgin Throng,
 Scarce touch'd the Grass, and nimbly trip'd along,
 With flying Feet the Deer affrighted sped,
 Scour'd o'er the Lawn, and spurn'd the distant Mead,
 With mighty Force her twanging Bow she drew,
 With mighty Force the whizzing Arrow flew,
 O'ertook the Leader, the Death-pointed Dart
 Tranfix'd his Side, and quiver'd in his Heart;
 He instant leap'd on high, out gush'd the Blood,
 Then gasping fell, and wallow'd in a Flood.
 Her modest Sport, her Love-enchanting Eyes,
 With all her Beauties, great *Sylvanus* spies,
 Extatic stands, o'erwhelm'd in deep Amaze,
 And feeds his Fancy with devouring Gaze,
 Impatient views her Lilly rising Chest,
 While Love inflames and kindles in his Breast,
 His Marrow melts, increases more the Smart,
 Preys on his Soul, and penetrates his Heart,
 Improves his Passion, trickles thro' his Veins,
 And o'er his Mind predominantly reigns;

The

The God unable longer to sustain
 The phrantic Amour in his tortur'd Brain,
 He looks, he sighs, his eager Accent breaks,
 Love opes his Mouth for ev'ry Word he speaks.
 O fairest Nymph! the Graces you adorn,
 And blest as beauteous as the glowing Morn;
 Fatal your Arrow to yon bleeding Hart,
 To me more fatal *Cupid's* fiercer Dart;
 Your lovely Features ravish all my Soul,
 Roll in my Eyes, and rage without Controul;
 Grant, from your Coral Lips, a Love-warm Kiss,
 O! let *Sylvanus* once enjoy that Bliss,
 Deny me not, for I am no Disgrace,
 And am descended from no vulgar Race;
 O'er Sylvan Courts I claim myself a God,
 Th' Assembly trembles at my awful Nod;
 Yet nought with me remains but endless Pain,
 Except I can your fond Esteem obtain;
 Let *Venus* lead us to some blissful Grove,
 And the God *Hymen* crown our chaste Love.
 Thus spoke *Sylvanus*, but he spoke in vain,
 His Compliments she heard with great Disdain;

E

To

To shun his Sight, swifter than Hares she fled
 Before the Hounds, and loath'd the Nuptial Bed,
 The ruffling Wind her flowing Vestures blow'd,
 Heighten'd her Charms, the God more ardent glow'd;
 With quick'ning Step pursues the scornful Fair,
 One while in Hope, another in Despair :
 Aided by Wings of Fear, more swift she flies
 Than driving Storms, that sweep the liquid Skies ;
 So swift her Flight, to shun the God's Embrace,
 Who, urg'd by Love, more swiftly urg'd his Pace,
 O'er Hills and Dales, like Light'ning, ran amain,
 While lagging Winds laid panting on the Plain ;
 (Their tedious Chace prolong'd the gliding Day,
 And ended with the Sun's declining Ray.)
 The God push'd eager on, and gather'd Ground,
 She felt his Breath, and heard his Steps resound ;
 But pallid grown, and weary with the Race,
 The vital Blood forsook her blushing Face,
 Her Eyes to Heav'n she cast, and loudly pray'd,
 Aid me great *Jove*, for you alone can aid,
 O pity, pity me, a fainting Maid !
 She said : her gushing Tears began to flow,
 Her humid Locks with dropping Pearls to glow,
Where-e'er

Where-e'er she stept the limpid Waters fell,
 She soon dissolv'd into a sweet Canal! *
 So melts the frozen Ice, when thaw'd by Suns,
 And Southern Gales, and into Riv'lets runs;
 So melts the Snow that covers Alpine Hills,
 Whose running Stream the nether Valley fills,
Cornelia thus; which chearful Banks surround
 Perpetual Verdures paint the fruitful Ground.
 Th' astounded God with ravisht Senses stood,
 And view'd his Darling in an Azure Flood,
 Fetching deep Sighs, he sorrows in Despair,
 And banishes Heart-cutting Grief in Air;
 In the Canal he drops a tender Tear,
 While swimming Landskips underneath appear;
 Afloat in the transparent Gleam he sees
 The painted Flow'rets, and the verdant Trees;
 He sees the Sun reflect a blazing Ray
 With redder Beam, to close departing Day,
 The Silver Moon in beauteous Pomp arise,
 And glorious shine in Star-bespangled Skies,
 All Heav'ns Inhabitants, with trembling Light,
 Adorn the wat'ry Glass, and crown the pleasing Sight!
 Oft

* In *Spring-Wood*.

Oft from the Woods her Sister Choir advance
 Of smiling Nymphs, to form the sprightly Dance,
 Repeat their Steps, and move in Order round
 The Nectar Fount, and here and there rebound,
 When sultry Heats a cooling Bath invite,
 In their dear Sister * they awhile delight,
 With pliant Limbs the lucid Waves divide,
 And plunging sink below the chrystal Tide.

Sylvanus, mindful of his Love, remains,
 Fixes his Seat, and smooths the grassy Plains,
 His troubled Heart Despair, and Grief distress,
 His tortur'd Soul seems void of all Redress,
 O'er fraught with anxious Care, pensive he stands,
 And looks around the fragrant smiling Lands;
 The Sylvan Lords attend him with Surprise,
 The Sylvan Lords begin to sympathize,
 He speaks, he speaks (here, here I'll keep my Court,
 Ye loyal Subjects frequent shall resort;)
 At his Command a fine Enclosure grows,
 The lofty Trees arise in settled Rows,

The

* Canal.

† The Mossy Paths in Mystic Lab'rincths run,
 And Shades unpierc'd resist the scorching Sun,
 The choice Alcoves the verdant Myrtles crown,
 And curious Seats from Solar Rays imbrown;
 On yonder Mount the Lawrel Greens appear,
 And Olives flourish the revolving Year;
 More Sweets emerge from each embroider'd Dale,
 More od'rous Scents these spicy Groves exhale,
 The Honey-suckles Noon-tide Bow'rs enwreath,
 And Herbs around delicious Fragrance breath;
 Here weeping Boughs a precious Gum distil,
 And sportive Nature plays her wanton Will;
 See Valleys sink, see sunny Brows arise!
 See spacious Walks, their Canopy the Skies!
 Hear tuneful Birds sing joyful Songs of Love!
 The dulcet Music fills the vocal Grove!
Eden displays her parti-colour'd Bed
 With Herbs and Aromatic Flow'rs bespread;
 When early Morn *Tithonus*' Lap forfakes,
 Then from her Sleep the Tulip chearful wakes,
 Her awful Head, and radiant-gilded Crest,
 In Riches shine with pearly Pendants drest,

F

Her

† *Springwood* Gardens.

Her Majesty distinguishes the Queen
 That reigns triumphant o'er the flow'ry Green,
 The red'ning Pinks with lively Features 'rise,
 Carnations glow in all their choicest Dyes,
 Soft Cloves of Crimson Colour intervene,
 The purple Vi'lets scent th' enamell'd Scene;
 The virtuous Lilly opens to the Light
 Her Snow-white Breast, and sweetly charms the Sight,
 The blushing Roses greet the welcome Day,
 And modest with the wanton Zephyrs play,
 In splendid Scarlet the Sweet-Williams blow,
 And Jes'mins, whiter than the falling Snow,
 Herbs, Trees and Flow'rs, all flourish in their Bloom,
 And tepid Wings of fanning Gales perfume.
 When the bright Sun disclose his warmer Face,
 And the blue Vault his golden Glories grace,
 (He licks the Dew in his Meridian Course,
 And as he mounts he shines with stronger Force.)
 Then busy Bees forsake their sheltry Home,
 From Flow'r to Flow'r in wand'ring Courses roam,
 And gather Honey, which their Lives sustain
 When Hoary Winter barrens ev'ry Plain,

Insert

Infert their Tubes, and suck the juicy Bells,
 Loaded return and fill their waxen Cells;
 With tender Wings an airy Nation fly,
 Descending low, or mounting near the Sky,
 Their noisy Hums thro' hollow Vales rebound,
 And ev'ry Grove remurmurs to the Sound.

Here sweet Retirement BOLTON might enjoy,
 And quietly a thoughtful Hour employ,
 Like zealous *Cato*, act a Patriot's Zeal,
 Consult the Welfare of the Common-Weal.
 A noble Patron noble Fame obtains,
 Immortally his Country's Honour gains,
 Preserves his Country in a sinking State,
 Faction contemns and National Debate,
 Thoughts patriotic exercise the Mind
 To Justice and to Honesty inclin'd,
 The Good from Ill securely to divide,
 All Vices to subdue, Virtue's the Guide;
 For God-like Virtue animates the Whole,
 Revives the Heart, and elevates the Soul.

When

When glorious *Cynthia*, Royal Queen of Night,
 Displays her beamy Locks and sacred Light,
 And glitt'ring Stars her Majesty advance,
 Which glow effulgent thro' the Heav'ns Expanse,
 O'er Trees dark Verdure shed a Silver Ray,
 And with new Colour Forest Walks inlay,
 Then drowsy *Somnus*, sov'reign God of Ease,
 In easy Quiet pensive Minds release,
 Involv'd in gloomy Shades, and fable Mein,
 He passes ev'ry where unheard, unseen,
 He shakes his Magic Wand, and Mortals close
 Their conquer'd Eyes, compell'd to sweet Repose;
 Repose, that heals a Lover's injur'd Breast,
 Repose, that heals the Soul with Cares oppress'd,
 Repose, that drives all Weariness away,
 And Limbs refreshes for th' approaching Day.
 No Noises heard, not e'n the Midnight Breeze
 To whisper once, or breath among the Trees,
Eccho asleep, forgets her babbling Sound,
 Pacifick Silence awful reigns around.
 The Pygmy King and Queen in Ringlets lead
 Their fairy Choir, and gambol on the Mead,

They

They mark the Ground, where-e'er they dance and play,
 And pass the Midnight jocundly away ;
 In the mean Time an airy Concert sings,
 Whose gentle Notes as gentle Eccho rings,
 When Night almost her sable Race has run,
 And *Cynthia* her declining Journey done,
 And *Phosphor* rises, Messenger of Morn,
 Whose sparkling Beams the studded Skies adorn,
 They instantly their Theatre forsake,
 And to some Land unknown Departure take ;
 They dance with Feet unbath'd cerulean Roads,
 Above the Mounts, and far above the Floods.
 Here infinite Varieties we see,
 And how they all alternately agree.
 (When *Æolus* the prison Doors unbar,
 Release the ruffian Blasts to racking War,
 Which drive those Clouds along the liquid Space,
 That spread Confusion in their stormy Chace,
 Of Sleet or fleecy Snow, or haily Grain,
 Or all compounded, rattle down amain,
 The Trees, high grown, by forc'd Submission bow
 Their tow'ring Tops, each waving Branch below
 Obeys the Winds, that violently blow.

G

When

When Mists condense and dark the Skies all o'er,
 Repeating Peals of dreadful Thunder roar,
 Th' Horizon shakes and trembles at the Sound,
 And ev'ry where the sulph'ry Bolts rebound,
 Flashes of Light'ning streak th' Ethereal Plain,
 Hydropick Clouds burst Deluges of Rain;
 The Ditches fill, that Waters float around,
 And with unusual Floods o'erflow the Ground.
 When *Phæbus*' Car thro' burning Leo pass,
 With sultry Beams invade the scorching Grass.
 And si'ry *Syrius*' hotter Flames devour
 The blooming Beauties at the Mid-day Hour,
 Fry airy Regions, parch up all the Land,
 The languid Heats no rivet'd Herbs withstand,
 The fading Flow'rets droop their fainting Heads,
 Thirsting for Dews, they sicken in their Beds.
 Then sheltry Groves the browsing Flocks defend
 From languid Heats, and windy Storms that rend
 The wat'ry Clouds, and violently tear
 The yielding Sky, and rush along the Air.)

When gracious *Ceres* fertile Fields adorn,
 And crown the Harvest Lands with plenteous Corn,

The

The waving Wheat Etesian Breezes blow,
 The waving Wheat in Golden Lustre glow,
 A glorious Prospect to the Eyes appear,
 Which lab'ring Reapers with sharp Sickles shear.
 The Husbandmen satiate their greedy Sight,
 The rip'ning Crops succeeding Toils invite.
 Th' industrious Ants perpetually inclin'd
 For future Need, (a Pattern to Mankind!)
 With utmost Strength convey the mealy Grain,
 Unto their Cellars, with unwearied Pain;
 The plunder'd Food their wintry Wants supply,
 While in their Homes they unmolested lie.

When Autumn various-colour'd Robes unfold,
 The pompous Season ripens into Gold,
 The bounteous Gifts the bending Branches bear
 The ruddy Apple, and the mellow Pear;
 The teeming Vines in curling Tendrils run,
 With juicy Grapes dy'd with the Summer's Sun;
 The blushing Fruit thro' yellow Verdures shine,
 And Trees o'er-weigh'd, of various Kind, decline.
 The glossy Nuts of ardent Berry brown,
 The Hazle-Boughs with many Clusters crown,

Enriching

Enriching Nature strews abundant round
 Her ripen'd Stores, and fructifies the Ground.
 The Sportsmen expeditiously prepare
 Their Arms, commodious for the Sylvan War,
 In stubbly Earths Partridges beset
 With couching Dogs, and wave the toiling Net.

When Libra ballances the Night and Day,
 The Sun her truest Scales exactly weigh,
 His gelid Rays a genial Heat deny,
 Winter approaches with a blust'ring Sky;
 The Element a longer Darkness shades,
 The dying Herbs a pinching Cold invades,
 The roaring Winds, despoiling Tempests blow,
 That strip the Trees of all their leafy Show;
 Vicissitude the hoary Frosts express,
 And clothe the Plains in a white glassy Dress.
 Then Huntsmen winding Bugle Horns resound,
 Alarm the Woods, and charm th' enliven'd Hound }
 To rouse the Hares, the thickest Groves surround; }
 The fleeting Hares in mystic Mazes run,
 Make many Turns, a cruel Death to shun;

The

The following Hounds bound o'er a colder Dew,
 The breathing Gales betraying Scents renew,
 Impetuously they push to seize their Prey,
 And scour along, and snuff the tainted Way;
 Their eager Steps, and distant threat'ning Cries
 Sound in the Air, and eccho thro' the Skies;
 With rapid Speed the holl'wing Huntsmen drive,
 Slap, slap their Whips, and ev'ry Step revive,
 To urge the Chace, with pricking Spurs provoke
 Their flying Horses with redoubling Stroke,
 Bath'd in white Foam, their Bodies reek all o'er,
 Their wounded Sides effuse a purple Gore;
 Their Necks extend, and from their Nostrils blow
 Thick Clouds of Smoke, that vanish as they go;
 While o'er the Manes th' impatient Huntsmen lie,
 Instead of riding seem prepar'd to fly;
 No Hedges, Ditches, Mounds obstruct their Course,
 O'erleap them all with unresisted Force;
 In swift Career the Hilly Steeps they gain,
 Rush down the Vales or gallop o'er the Plain;
 They scarcely touch the Ground they leave behind,
 And seem Descendants of the winged Wind;

H

The

The Chace continues, 'till they catch their Prey,
 Or Twilight mixt with Shades concludes the Day.
 Thro' the thick Copsé the ruff-hair'd Spaniel bounds,
 And hunts the Woodcocks in the lonely Grounds,
 The Gunners watch, with loaded Tubes prepar'd,
 And keep, with wary Eyes, a fatal Guard,
 The Woodcocks rous'd, expand their Wings for Flight,
 The Tubes loud thund'ring make a transient Night,
 The smoky Vapours dark the neighb'ring Light;
 Precipitate o'ertook with leaden Death,
 They sudden fall, in Air resign their Breath;
 With Sport alternate Woods and Fields abound,
 Which glide with Months, and with the Year go round.
 No nauseous Scents a rural Life infest,
 No noisy Rakes disturb a nightly Rest,
 A healthy Air freshens the Maiden's Face,
 Who sweetly blushes with a blooming Grace.
 Th' industrious Farmer can live free from Strife,
 Enjoy his Friend, and lead a goodly Life.
 No Faction, Discord, bloody Wars arise,
 Nor glares Revenge with baleful murd'ring Eyes,
 No thundring Cannons stun th' affrighted Ear,
 No dismal Terrors tremble in the Rear,

No

No wounded Carcases of dying Men
 Afloat in Blood, on *Hackwood* Plains are seen!
 As far above appear the Heav'nly Skies,
 Thrice far below th' infernal Region lies,
 Where horrid Furies in a sulph'rous Cell
 In hellish Shades eternal doom'd to dwell,
 Are close confin'd, in everlasting Pains,
 And tripple bound in Adamantine Chains.
 Here Heav'n-born Peace an Olive Branch displays,
 Held in her Hand, Emblem of happy Days;
 Her milder Brow a Wreath of Laurels grace,
 And balmy Gales play round her dove-ey'd Face.
 Her Sister Liberty maintains her Laws,
 And bounteous Plenty gains a just Applause.

F I N I S.